new masses

15¢ • in canada 20¢ july 15, 1947

WHY LABOR-HATERS LOVE DUBINSKY

By GEORGE MORRIS

ITALY: Coalition or Crisis?

By GUIDO GOLDSCHMIED

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

The Paris Fiasco, by John Stuart; The Life and Death of Louis Young, by Claude Ashford; Short Story by Wilma Shore; The Case of the Sixteen, by Virginia Gardner; Movie-making in Northern Europe, by Paula Wiking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just a minute

RECENTLY when this department cast a jaundiced eye upon the doings of *Newsweek*, we thought it might be a good thing if NM went in for a weekly commentary upon our newsstand contemporaries. And with special attention to the Big Boys—the slicksters. Perhaps we'll be able sometime to find the time and space for such a feature. They're getting away with murder—these slavish followers of the Bi-Party Line—and we'd like to see them caught red-handed (to use a rather inappropriate cliche). But regularly.

Some of these journals are not content with merely being hewers to the Line, and of echoing with thousand-tongued volume each devious twist and turn of the policy-making class. They want to be more than mere transmission belts; they want a hand in working out the details of what the big-money men want—some of the little details anyway. They aspire to give "directives" themselves, if not to the chiefs like Vandenberg, Dulles and Marshall, then to the lesser fry.

Such is *Life*. An example of Mr. Luce's temerity and aspiration was presented in the June 30 issue of that magazine where one of his own Under Secretaries, John Chamberlain, writes a "memo" to the Under Secretary of State, Robert Lovett. "Memo" is much too modest. It's a full-blown directive of many thousand words to Dean Acheson's successor on how to carry out the Line. It's complete down to the last detail, such as the importance of Mr. Lovett's attending the regular 9:30 A.M. meeting of the various chiefs of the State Department. Maybe not quite every detail—nothing is said about how to judge the artistic value of paintings which may be sent abroad as American cultural exhibits. But perhaps something that important is a matter for the higher-ups, or The Chief himself.

We won't go into the world politics angles of this *Life*-sized "memo"—that's John Stuart's corner. But in case you missed this piece by Mr. Luce's Chamberlain you might be pleased to know that Mr. Lovett's appointment "is a splendid thing for God and for Country as well as for Yale." You may be as edified as we were to know that our new Under Secretary of State "rose above the handicap of having a great father, Robert Scott Lovett of the Union Pacific Railroad." "Moreover," John memoes to Robert, "you didn't depend on your marriage to Adele Brown of the Brown Brothers-Harriman banking-house fortune to further your career as a banker . . . permitting your in-laws to hire you only after you had proved your capacity to master the intricacies of finance, including international finance." Now that's the Great American Tradition and one which has often made our State Department something of a Home for the Handicapped.

AND after *Life* comes *Liberty*. An announcement last week disclosed that *Liberty* will become a monthly beginning in August. The reason given: "terrific production costs." It seems that even though this weekly's circulation has been boosted to over 1,600,000—a sixty percent increase—its publishers say they "have to cut our cloth to fit the pattern."

The skyrocketing of prices in the publishing field has wiped out many magazines in the recent past. Others will go down or retrench like *Liberty*. We of NEW MASSES know only too well about terrific production costs. And you know, too, because we talked a lot about that in recent months. But NM is not going down. We have cut expenses to the bone—and deeper. We've been close to the brink and that critter who stays at our door is no cocker spaniel. But still we say NM is going to be in there punching—every week. Next week, on this page, we are going to tell you how we're doing it and what we're going to do to keep sailing ahead during the summer doldrums. And more important: what we plan to do, together with our readers and friends, to keep NEW MASSES growing.

L. L. B.

new masses

established 1911

VOLUME LXIV, NUMBER 3

EDITORIAL BOARD:
STAFF: editor: JOSEPH NORTH. executive editor: A. B. MAGIL. managing editor: LLOYD L. BROWN. FREDERICK V. FIELD, JOHN STUART. washington editor: VIRGINIA GARDNER. art editor: CHARLES KELLER. assistant editors: JOSEPH FOSTER, CHARLES HUMBOLDT, BETTY MILLARD. ASSOCIATES: JAMES S. ALLEN, HERBERT APTHEKER, RICHARD O. BOYER, HOWARD FAST, WILLIAM GROPPER, V. J. JEROME, RALPH J. PETERS.

business manager: PAUL KAYE.
advertising manager: GERTRUDE CHASE.
circulation manager: CARMELA WEINSTEIN.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: LOUIS ARAGON • NATHAN AUSUBEL • LIONEL BERMAN • ALVAH BESSIE • DYSON CARTER W. E. B. DuBOIS • R. PALME DUTT • PHILIP EVERGOOD • SENDER GARLIN • BARBARA GILES • ROBERT GWATHMEY • ALBERT E. KAHN ROCKWELL KENT • ALFRED KREYMBORG • JOHN HOWARD LAWSON MERIDEL LE SUEUR • VITO MARCANTONIO • PABLO NERUDA ANTON REFREGIER • PAUL ROBESON • HOWARD SELSAM ISIDOR SCHNEIDER • SAMUEL SILLEN • JAMES TURNBULL CHARLES WHITE • DOXEY WILKERSON.

Italy: Coalition or Crisis? Guido Goldschmied . 3
The Paris Fiasco: an editorial 5
The Life and Death of Louis Young Claude Ashford 6
Gropper's Cartoon 7
Labor-haters Love Him George Morris 8
The Story of Dorothy Anstable: a short story Wilma Shore 11
History by the Black Hills: a poem Joseph Payne Brennan 14
The Case of the Sixteen Virginia Gardner . . . 15
Portside Patter Bill Richards 17
Book Reviews: Understanding the Russians, edited by Bernhard J. Stern and Samuel Smith: William H. Melish; Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine: Selected Verse and Prose Poems, edited by Joseph M. Bernstein: Helen Ralston; Joseph Weydemeyer, by Karl Oberman: Ralph Bowman; The Georgics of Virgil, translated by C. Day Lewis: Walter McElroy . . 18
Films in Northern Europe Paula Wiking . . . 20
"The Vow" Betty Millard 21
Theater Isidor Schneider 23

Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LXIV, No. 3. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Copyright, 1947, THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the exclusion of the workers' parties, not even its invisible member can bolster De Gasperi's shaky cabinet

ITALY:

Coalition or Crisis?

By GUIDO GOLDSCHMIED

Milan (by mail).

ON THE train on my way back to Milan from Trieste I was sharply reminded of one side of Italy today. As soon as we entered the eastern end of the fertile Po plain the cars gradually filled with petty black marketeers, men and women, carrying heavy sacks and suitcases full of flour to Milan. Soon the train was so packed that at Vicenza people started coming in through the windows.

Let me say here that the life of a small-time black marketeer is a miserable one. Having bought the flour from the farmers—sometimes he is a farmer himself—he has to carry it to the station and lift it onto the train, a back-breaking burden in itself if you know anything about third-class travel in Italy today. On the train he has to pay a fine to the conductor for excess weight. At any moment during the journey or on arrival he faces search and confiscation by the police—something like a twenty percent risk. If everything goes well he will pocket a few thousand lire (the dollar is still worth some 750 lire) before immediately beginning the long trek back. There is no question of rest or sleep in between, the price of hotel rooms being what it is in Milan.

Two women got on at Latisana about seven in the evening. Both carried heavy sacks of flour. They would arrive at Milan at 6 A.M. They were going to try to sell quickly and leave again by three in the afternoon to return home about midnight. At a very generous estimate they will have earned 5,000 lire each; from this deduct the rail ticket at 1,400 lire, the rail fine at 500 lire, porters and odds and ends at 300 lire — leaving less than 3,000 lire ($4). Things are very different, of course, for the large-scale operator. He has a fleet of trucks at his disposal; he can wangle permits of all kinds and is reasonably certain of pocketing, in the present set-up, millions of lire with every trip. Yet even he is small fry compared to the Stock Exchange tycoons for whom Italy is now a paradise. Meanwhile, in Milan — the busiest and most productive city, the heart of industrial and commercial Italy — the majority of workers are always hungry.

To change this, the Socialists and Communists and the nonpartisan General Confederation of Labor have campaigned inside and outside the government. It was evident that the earlier zeal of Premier De Gasperi's Christian Democrats was wearing very thin when it came to altering the state of things in Italy by introducing a moderate form of state control and planning, something in between the New Deal and Labor Britain. Proposals were accepted and then never implemented; or they were carried out in a way calculated to nullify them. Things drifted from bad to worse mainly through unchecked profiteering and Stock Exchange maneuvers, which hit the workers hardest.

It was fundamentally to preserve this state of affairs that De Gasperi deliberately staged his government crisis and ousted the Left. Then he proceeded to announce a program based on the very proposals of the Left which he and his party friends had opposed by passive resistance in the last government. And now how can anybody take De Gasperi seriously when his proposals for state control are "endorsed" by the fiercest enemies of any state control, the parties of the Italian Right, or when he chooses as budget minister a man to whom any state intervention is heresy?

Italian big business opposed the suggestions for state controls not because they came from the Left but because they threatened to curtail in some measure their extravagant profits. Now, through their various representatives in the Assembly—the motley Qualunquista [Common Man Party] crowd, the more "respectable" but no less reactionary Liberals and a section of the Christian Democrats themselves—they are going to vote for those measures only because they know that those measures will never be carried out. Communist Manlio Cerreti disclosed recently how the Christian Democratic minister Antonio Scelba sabotaged his efforts and held up inquiries when he (Cerreti) was in charge of the nation's food. Imagine the joy now that there are no longer any tiresome Socialists and Communists in the cabinet.

De Gasperi's idea was to build a facade of a "government of national

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unity" with the smaller left-of-center parties and groups, playing upon their political ambiguity. The game has in part succeeded. Now De Gasperi hopes that at least in the future they will abstain from voting against him, for if they do vote against him his government will disappear.

LET us have a look at these small parties. First there are the traditional, or "historical," Republicans, a typical expression of the aspirations and contradictions of the lower middle class. They are past their political prime and are only able to hold their own in some of their traditional strongholds. They command some thirty seats in the Assembly and are equally torn between their dislike of the Christian Democrats and of the pro-monarchist reactionaries behind them and their apprehension, born of lack of understanding, of the great parties of the Left. Then there are the Labor Democrats, insignificant as to numbers in the House and practically nonexistent in the North and center of the country. They do, however, in spite of all their limitations, represent healthy stirrings of the lower middle class in the South. They have been against De Gasperi. Then there are the remains of what might have been something new and important in Italian political life: the Action Party. They do not matter much now, but they still have some good names to represent them in Rome.

Lastly there are Saragat's Social-Democrats, who split away from the main body of the Italian Socialist Party last January. The number of seats they command now in the House is quite out of proportion to their strength in the country and they know it. At the trade union general elections the Italian Workers' Socialist Party, as they call themselves, secured less than two percent of the votes—not a very impressive result for a "workers'" party. In Sicily last April they were at the bottom of the poll. Even their ideological brethren, the leaders of the British Labor Party, had to recognize this fact at the Zurich international socialist meeting recently when Saragat's representatives were not allowed in while Nenni's Socialist Party, as one of the most important Socialist parties in Europe was, of course, admitted. It is therefore understandable that Saragat's Social-Democrats arose, not without prompting from the International Ladies Garment Workers Union's Luigi Antonini, as a fundamentally anti-Communist Party. They will not have easy sailing; there is conflict in their ranks. Elections are looming ahead for them too. Saragat has been in the United States trying to explain things to a stern and unbending Antonini and an even more severe David Dubinsky. Red-baiting here is not as popular or as profitable a sport as in America.

I WISH some AFL leaders and also some of the gentlemen from the US State Department on whom De Gasperi is leaning heavily could have been with me the other night in the huge courtyard of the old Sforza Castle. Workers with their wives and children came in leisurely to listen to a report from the national conference of the General Confederation of Labor held in Florence and to greet the representatives of the Soviet trade unions. I arrived early. People were sitting on the grass or around the statue of St. Charles Borromeo holding a large cross aloft. The twin red flags of the Communists and Socialists were already on the platform. Suddenly several white flags with a tricolor ribbon and a picture in the middle were carried in through the main door. Those were the flags of the Christian Democratic workers. An old worker next to me said: "Ha, those double-dealers are here too." But a young woman cut him short: "Quiet! Aren't they workers too?" And a young man next to her said: "You're right. If we don't eat they don't eat either."

H. Levit.

That was the spirit of Florence—a spirit of impressive working-class unity. Its enemies had hoped that at Florence the Christian Democratic workers would split away from the General Confederation of Labor; but the Christian Democratic leaders simply could not do it. The workers, six millions of them, voted overwhelmingly for the Communists (fifty-nine percent), for the Socialists (twenty-three percent), giving the Christian Democrats only thirteen percent. More important still, the workers were unanimous on both the immediate and the longer-range program of their great Confederation, with which no government can afford to trifle.

In the present situation of Italy how can De Gasperi (or Marshall and Truman for that matter) hope to wean away the Italian people, the Italian workers, from their loyalty to their leaders? Any government from which the Left is excluded becomes a bottomless financial pit. To give Italy a minimum of security and stability requires a government in which the Left plays a leading part—an energetic government willing and able to control the economic and financial life of the country against internal and external exploiters. When the US State Department's expensive "beneficence" proves a poor vote-catcher De Gasperi may again try to postpone or avert altogether a general election to which he is constitutionally committed. Socialists and Communists are, however, firm and confident. Their strength is unbroken and growing. They are strong enough to counteract any attempt to kill the young Italian republic and Italian democracy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARIS FIASCO

An Editorial by JOHN STUART

IT WILL take time before most Americans understand the deceit that was practiced at Paris. The newspapers and the radio made it so comfortable to believe that Molotov was responsible for undermining American aid to Europe, that Bidault and Bevin were the proud defenders of Washington's generosity as against Moscow's quest for chaos. If we believe these things the injury will be ours, not the Russians'.

In my understanding of the word a conference, such as the one called at Paris, is a place where points of view are stated, differences resolved, a course of action mapped. This is not an uncommon definition. No such conference took place. What took place was the presentation to the Soviet delegates of a set of rigid procedures. The Russians could take them or leave them; they could only agree, for disagreement was undemocratic. They might cross a few t's and dot some i's but counter-proposals were strictly forbidden. If Molotov wanted to know what aid could be expected from the United States (no one yet knows), Bevin roared that he was demanding a blank check—as though the Russians were miserable beggars who had no right to know what they or other countries would be sold. (Yes, the word is *sold*, for American assistance will be paid for.) To top it all there was to be no equality among those participating in the larger conference to follow. France and Britain, as the invitations sent by them to twenty-two countries finally showed, were to run the show by placing themselves on the steering committee in addition to "certain other European countries"—which would, of course, have no strange ideas unacceptable to the self-appointed leaders.

I make much of seeming technicalities because they serve as an index to the manner in which Bevin and Bidault "sought" Soviet cooperation. The truth is they sought nothing of the kind and their position in these high-handed negotiations was strengthened by Secretary Marshall's anti-Soviet outburst during the "conference" itself. After pledging not to interfere in what was to be an all-European project while Washington stood by with a first-aid kit, Marshall threw his pledge aside and helped to torpedo the meeting. The meeting, then, failed because failure was the goal set for it. But in that failure Bidault, Bevin and Marshall have had one "success": the shaky beginnings of what they think is a Western economic bloc.

The tragedy of bloc psychosis is not that a bloc can succeed but that it will be seriously attempted. In the effort the rivalry of the bloc's three major architects, for all their surface harmony, will become sharper and more menacing not alone to Europe but to the United States as well. Despite the noise to the contrary, such a bloc is not based on mutuality of interest. The United States will sell but not buy appreciably from England or France. What can American monopoly do with European manufactured products when its own internal market cannot absorb its output? Yet France and Britain can only retain their positions by expanding their industrial strength. And within these two countries anti-Sovietism does not pay the political rewards which many here think it does. It cannot be made to increase French coal production or improve housing or change the austere lives most Englishmen lead. No, the bloc project is a figment of delirious imaginations. It settles nothing. It creates greater instability by paving the way for civil conflict. It puts European economic development not within the hands of the people themselves but in those of a conspiratorial De Gaulle, of an empire-mad Churchill, of Wall Street lawyer Dulles. How can peace thrive with this triumvirate of evil at the helm?

WE NEED not have Molotov tell us that American aid as presently conceived will straitjacket the economies of Europe. Just as long as there is a Truman Doctrine intervention abroad, either political or economic or both, will have the highest priority. For the basis of the doctrine is not help to those who need and deserve it most. (Where would Portugal or Turkey fit in if this were the criterion?) This is merely one means through which the doctrine is translated into action. The foundation of the doctrine is to prevent any challenge to American big business in its effort to make the world dependent upon it. Only those industrial states can be tolerated which play a subsidiary role to American economic strength. It has nothing to do either with anti-communism or anti-Sovietism or the infringement of democracy. Every country, regardless of the character of its government, will be considered a menace to American imperialism as soon as it is no longer predominantly our area of exploitation, or threatens to break away. The evidence that such is the intent of bipartisan policy lies in the extension of the President's war emergency powers authorizing him to give export priority to certain commodities in order to carry out his foreign policy; in the fact that aid to Italy, for example, is under the direct supervision and control of American representatives; that in Greece no important economic decision may be taken without American consent. Not a penny of credit under the Marshall proposals would be free of American regulations governing the quantity and character of goods bought with those credits.

The rub in all this is that a good part of Europe, despite its needs, will not submit to having American help at the cost of its sovereignty.

And we shall see in time that this resistance has nothing whatever to do with proximity to the Soviet Union or fear of incurring the Soviets' displeasure—a fool's view of the new vigorous spirit that sweeps most of the Continent. It has everything to do with a precious, hard-won sense of independence not unlike that of the American states in the Revolutionary War. There will be trade with us only if we respect this independence and recognize that the demand for equality is not exclusively Soviet. No matter what the Truman doctrinaires think, no matter whom they blame, their policy means fewer American jobs, a contraction of American purchasing power. There is the payoff and there a big reason for fighting hard for a shift away from the road to ruin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Life and Death of Louis Young

By CLAUDE ASHFORD

Louis Young, having lived forty-seven years on earth and been black all the time, died in the early moments of Friday, June 13, 1947, in the 2,300-volt electric chair at the State Penitentiary, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and in the state papers it was written that justice had been done at 12:06:45 A.M.

Governor Thomas J. Mabry, the only man empowered to save Young's life, and likewise extremely sensitive to the wishes and attitudes of the voters of eastern New Mxico, close by the Texas line, was attending a rodeo.

I attended the execution as an official witness, accompanied by a newspaper friend who kept wondering how to go about writing the story for a nice conservative paper. Louis Young said, "My Lord is waiting for me," and afterward my reporter friend said he hoped the Lord was waiting—maybe the Lord would be nice to Louis Young.

Louis Young sang as he walked to the chair. The tune was a mumble-jumble, and the words were indistinct. Maybe there weren't any words. The Rev. Max Kronquist, white, of the Berean Baptist Church of Santa Fe, representing the Lord, said he told Young to sing to take his mind off the event.

Young sang, pausing only to please Warden Howell Gage, a pleasant, cooperative man. The warden asked, "Have you anything to say?" and Young replied, "I have nothing more to say in this case, Mister Gage. I am innocent," and he sat down.

Then an anonymous Texan, hired for the occasion, pulled some switches and turned a big wheel and the lights flashed and Young stiffened in the chair.

Will Harrison, all-knowing political editor of the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, said earlier: "Young's nothing but a cornfield n——r." When Will Harrison's time comes to meet the Lord we will see how good a man *he* is. Will said he suspected the executioner was a New Mexico cowpuncher, not a Texan at all. Will knows everything. He said a good reporter should have a few executions under his belt. He has witnessed many executions.

Then Doctor Hamilton put a stethoscope to Louis Young's heart, and he said, "This man's heart is still beating." Young had a strong heart. The Texan (if he was a Texan) threw the switches again and again the lights flashed, and soon Louis Young was dead, and the guards pulled the curtains down around the chamber. Afterward the long hearse roared away into the cool night, Louis Young aboard. There were no mourners.

Louis Young, himself a Texan, was one of sixteen children. All but four are now dead. He was a very dark man, and he wore a crisp white shirt, black trousers and brown shoes on the night he died. He was dressed as well as he was ever dressed.

"He had guts," Warden Gage said.

"He was prepared," the Baptist minister said. "He had time to prepare. We sang. First I led in prayer, then he led."

"He was a Baptist?"

"When a colored man's not a Baptist he's been tampered with," Reverend Kronquist said. "That's an old Southern expression."

There were fifty men on hand to watch Louis Young die, all white men, and never before had so many white men come to call on Louis Young, and all on the same night, too, a doctor and a minister and state officials and newspapermen, and perhaps the Lord will explain to Louis Young, if he can, why they all waited until the very last night.

Some people do not believe in capital punishment. Some people do not believe there is a Lord, having no proof of His existence and knowing no one who ever met Him face to face. Some people who believe in Louis Young are people who do not believe in capital punishment, nor in a Lord, and these people wonder why it was not until the last night that reporters scribbled down every last word and noted what he wore and what he sang and what he had for supper and how his heart beat. "Fried giblet, chicken gravy, French-fried potatoes, asparagus tips, strawberries with whipped cream," Will Harrison wrote.

Young was convicted for the rape-murder of a Santa Fe housewife. He said he was innocent, and no one knows for sure; and even if anyone finds out, Louis Young will not know.

Even the reporters admitted there was much left in doubt. And in the hours following the execution they could not agree about what song the Negro sang as he walked steadily to the chair, or what he said to the warden, exactly.

John Alexander, of the Santa Fe *News* (a weekly with a classy photo-offset), wore a bright-colored tie, and before the time came one state cop looked at the loud tie and said to him, "They might put you in the chair by mistake."

"Not me," John said. "I'll turn so much whiter that they'll know."

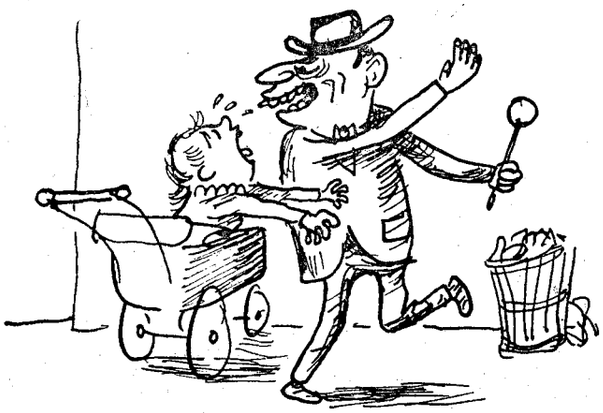
"Wait'll you see the n——r," said the cop, "how white he'll turn."

But Louis Young did not turn white, nor cringe nor weep nor ask for mercy. He sat and died; he thought the Lord was waiting. "He was prepared," the preacher said.

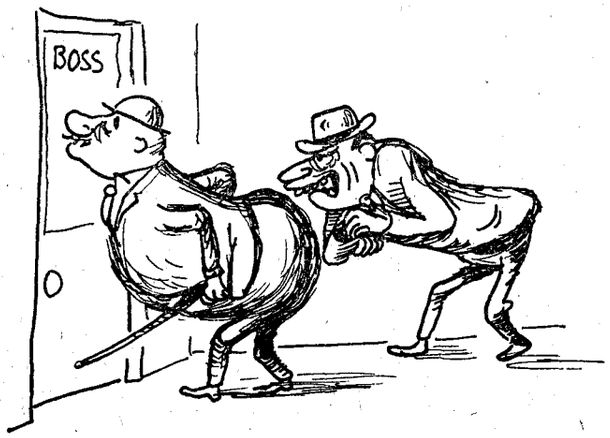
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six Ways to Get Ahead



1. Be Aggressive.



2. Be Ingratiating.

LABOR-HATERS LOVE HIM

Why is David Dubinsky the big boy's favorite labor official? His record gives the answer.

By GEORGE MORRIS

SOME readers may be forgiven if in the welter of newspaper stories and headlines they confused the recent convention of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union with the antics of the House Un-American Activities Committee. For the repeated attacks on the Soviet Union and the appeals for a holy crusade against communism that emanated from David Dubinsky, ILGWU president, and his pals read more like the statements of John Rankin and J. Parnell Thomas than those one might have expected from trade union officials.

The fulminations at the ILGWU convention help explain why Dubinsky is probably the most beloved labor leader in the country—in Wall Street circles. This is quite a distinction in view of the fat crop of labor leaders who have won the affection of big business. Dubinsky was the only labor official whose testimony on the Hartley slave bill elicited not only very cordial treatment by the House Labor Committee but editorial praise in the labor-hating press.

Dubinsky is the most elaborately publicized labor official in the country. Hearst's New York *Journal-American* once ran a laudatory story of his life in ten articles. The New York *Times* always goes out of its way to favor him. Hearst's New York *Mirror* editorially named him the labor leader of the year in its 1946 Labor Day editorial. A year ago a leading management organ, *Factory* (McGraw-Hill), expressed esteem for him as a "reputable" labor leader because he crossed the CIO picketline outside the Waldorf-Astoria dinner for Winston Churchill. Dubinsky and his vice-presidents were the only labor leaders present at that affair.

Dubinsky is often depicted as "shrewd" and "clever," but he isn't anything of the sort. And despite his claim to have been a socialist forty years ago when still in Europe, his knowledge of the fundamentals of the labor movement is amazingly meager. His "shrewdness" is on a par with that of an old-line political boss; he is smart enough to depend almost exclusively on hired people for any serious thinking. He has never yet publicly crossed swords with an opponent. His triumphant platform antics invariably take place before an audience dominated by his machine men. He is most often referred to in his union as a "bulldozer." His years as boss over Cutters Local 10, when its affairs were managed through strong-arm tactics, developed a feeling in him that the local's platform was a balcony over the Piazza Venezia.

Dubinsky put on a typical performance at the recent Madison Square Garden AFL rally against the Taft-Hartley bill. He was unable to resist the temptation to Red-bait even on that occasion, but to his surprise he found that it wasn't a Local 10 meeting or a machine-packed convention he was addressing. A thunder of boos greeted his remarks. The booing continued and mounted, but instead of taking the hint, he screamed back at his audience.

IT FELL to Dubinsky to take the helm of Cutters Local 10 as president in 1921 when the Socialists won a victory over a Tammany crowd that had been running the local. His personal ability played small part in the change. But while others did the basic political brainwork, Dubinsky, once in the saddle, proved himself an even greater master at machine work than those who had preceded him. For years afterward Local 10 was referred to as the "strong-arm-run" local. Dubinsky boasts that the left-wing was never able to challenge his regime. This was simply due to the fact that the local didn't allow an opposition to express

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Walter Iler

3. Be Enterprising.

4. Be Resourceful.

itself democratically; it was unsafe for opponents to wage a serious campaign.

It was a set of circumstances that gave Dubinsky the opportunity to become president of the ILGWU after a seven-year campaign against the militant rank and file had reduced the union's membership from about 150,000 to 40,000 in 1932. Local 10 was at that time the only solvent local. Dubinsky had the purse strings and no one wanted the union. The presidency fell into his lap by default. He then combined the office of president, secretary and treasurer into one and to this day he personally holds the three-job office.

Dubinsky's assumption of the presidency also coincided with the victory of the New Deal, the NRA and the dissolution of the independent left-wing union of garment workers whose members joined the ILGWU. Riding the crest of the general nationwide surge toward union organization, the ILGWU skyrocketed to over 200,000 members with little effort and no opposition.

Dubinsky's main energies in the years that followed went into consolidating a personal machine. Among his moves was a deal with a clique of renegades from communism, the Lovestoneites. He privately admits that these people proved useful to him, and Jay Lovestone himself is on his payroll as "advisor." It is Lovestoneite influence that has often turned Dubinsky's support to projects outside the ILGWU. They were responsible for his donation of two $25,000 checks to Homer Martin when the latter tried to save himself as president of the CIO United Automobile Workers. Later Martin was discovered to be a Ford Motor Co. tool. Dubinsky tried similarly to bolster Walter Reuther's fortunes in the UAW in 1946.

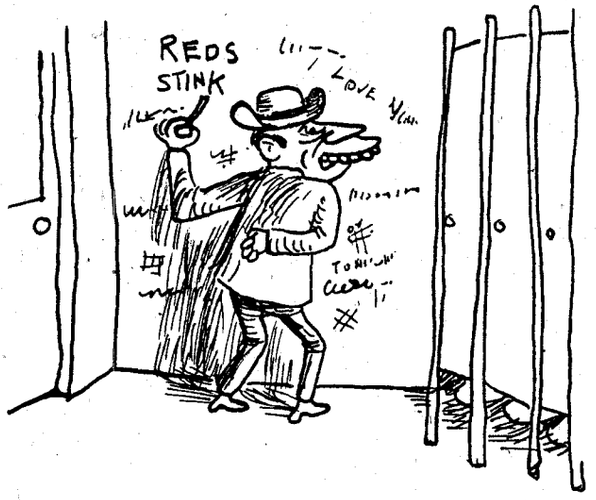
For a very brief period Dubinsky basked in the sunshine of progressivism. That was in the days when he was in the CIO and worked to build the American Labor Party. But he soon became frightened of the consequences and knifed both movements. His shift back to the AFL fold has always been cited as an example for other CIO unions. His moves to smash the ALP, which he helped to found, was the first of a series of steps away from the policies of President Roosevelt toward flirting with Republicans, notably Thomas E. Dewey. In line with this is his support of the reactionary bipartisan foreign policy.

Today Dubinsky is a big influence in the AFL. He is close to John L. Lewis and Matthew Woll, as well as to others who bitterly fought Roosevelt. They recognize his value above all as a bridge to his Social Democratic associates still in CIO ranks. They place more hope in the fifth-column work of those elements in the CIO than in serious discussions of unity and united labor action.

It is in fact his role as leader and paymaster of the right-wing Social Democrats in America that gives Dubinsky his special value for big business. Numerically Social Democracy doesn't cut much of a figure in this country. However, it serves as a link between those who wield the big stick of dollar-and-atom-bomb diplomacy and the right-wing Social Democrats abroad who work for the subordination of their countries to American imperialism. During the war Dubinsky provided a haven for many of the leaders of the right-wing Social Democrats of Europe. They were being primed for return to their respective lands as missionaries of the Anglo-American bloc in the crusade against the Soviet Union and the democratic aspirations of the liberated peoples. Some of these Dubinsky wards have now been placed in strategic spots in Germany, Austria and Italy. Since V-J Day ILGWU leaders have made many trips abroad, virtually in a semi-diplomatic capacity. Among the vice-presidents who have made such trips are Charles Zimmerman (ex-Lovestoneite), Harry Wander, Julius Hochman, Israel Feinberg, Isadore Nagler and Luigi Antonini. They have covered the Scandinavian lands, Japan, Germany, France, England and Italy. ILGWU educational director Mark Starr was an advisor to General MacArthur on Japanese labor matters. Serafino Remualdo, also of the ILGWU, was made AFL representative in Latin America.

The main object of these missions, it need hardly be said, was to induce splits within Socialist parties and trade union movements by dangling US support before those who earn it. A typical example was Antonini's frank admission that he gave ILGWU money to the Italian Socialist Party in an effort to break it away from cooperation with the Communists. Since he failed to achieve this end, Antonini now screams that he wants his money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



5. Be Articulate.

6. Be Sociable.

back, according to a dispatch from Italy. Antonini's work has, however, resulted in the formation of a right-wing group from a schism in the Socialist Party. The latest move was a $150,000 "loan" given to Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Italian right-wing group, to finance their divisive activities.

Dubinsky's preoccupation with foreign policy in the image of the Truman-Vandenberg Doctrine and his efforts in behalf of his right-wing friends who have been losing ground in Poland, Yugoslavia, Italy and other parts of Europe have reduced such questions as better conditions for his own members and the struggle against the Taft-Hartley bill to secondary points on his agenda. He and his claque have done not a little boasting that the Truman administration has come around to the position they adopted long ago. That position was aptly formulated by Dubinsky's close associate in Social Democracy's top circles, Nathan Chanin, who wrote a month after Pearl Harbor in *Friend*, organ of the Workmen's Circle, a fraternal order under Social-Democratic leadership:

"The last shot was not yet fired. It will still be fired. And the last shot will be fired from free America—and from that shot the Stalin regime too will be shot to pieces."

There was much denunciation of this perspective from people who thought it was at least out of place at a time when our men were only getting into uniform and the Red Army was all there was between Hitler and the rest of us. But Dubinsky defiantly and publicly associated himself with Chanin's view. Is it to be wondered that Dubinsky's mouthpieces, like Victor Riesel, New York *Post* columnist, go even farther in suggesting that labor itself should have favored many of the anti-union proposals?

In the light of the foregoing, it is easy to understand why the US Chamber of Commerce says on page 42 of its pamphlet, *Communists Within the Labor Movement* (a manual for company stooges on the technique of fomenting internal strife in unions through the Red-bait, split and secede formula): *"As their allies they [the stooges] may have some proletarian groups such as Socialists and Social Democrats and non-Stalinist Communists."*

The manual, which in effect gives Red-baiters in unions the same role that industrial spy agencies and strike-breakers played in pre-Wagner Act days, was analyzed by the writer in detail in three articles of the *Sunday Worker* (April 6, 13 and 27).

In the same spirit was Dubinsky's own article in the New York *Times* Magazine of May 11. This article, entitled "A Warning Against Communists in the Unions," was essentially an assurance to the Chamber and big business generally that they are not making a mistake in placing such confidence in the Social Democrats. In fact, much of the piece reads like a rewrite of the Chamber's stuff. Both the Chamber and Dubinsky agree that the CIO must be the concentration area for their disruptive pattern since the AFL is free of the "Red menace."

DUBINSKY takes pride in his own handling of union affairs. He boasts that the rank and file group in the ILGWU has failed to win a single post of the hundreds filled in the recent elections in New York. This is true, and that very fact should cast suspicion upon Dubinsky's "democracy." In fourteen locals where the rank and file contested with partial slates (in no case was even a majority of the elective posts sought), it drew 17,168 votes to 77,140 for the pro-administration bloc. For weeks Dubinsky was personally busy patching up differences among right-wing forces to prevent any division that might enable even one opponent to win election. The ballot was rigged so as to make ticket-splitting difficult. Dubinsky, who shouts so much against coalition tickets in foreign countries, is a strong believer in only two slates in his own union. He also believes in having one-sided control of the election machinery. The rank and file was not given a single representative in any of the locals on the committee in charge of passing upon the qualification of candidates and of conducting the election. Nor was the opposition able to reach all of the workers, since only the administration was given the opportunity of circularizing those on the union rolls, and using the staff of 700 paid employes for its campaign. So thorough was Dubinsky's machine work that in at least the two largest locals, Zimmerman's Dressmakers, Local 22, and Antonini's Italian Dressmakers, Local 28, *more votes were turned out than the good standing membership upon which the convention delegate quotas of these locals were based.* The entire exhibition was a farce, since there was no way of even checking whether a union book had been voted a dozen times or whether the bearer of the book owned it.

As Dubinsky wisely said in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Times article, had only 9,000 voters turned out in Local 22, the more than 5,000 votes for the rank and file would have won. Under the circumstances the showing of the rank and file was not at all bad.

It should be further borne in mind that the ILGWU's members in New York have rounded out five years of virtually uninterrupted work. Thanks to overtime, liberal piece-rate settlements and unprecedented speedup, their earnings were the highest on record. This "prosperity" was associated with the present administration.

The economic gods of the coming period will, however, not be with the administration. The basic wage rates have not been brought up much. With the return of the normal seasonal slack, with stiffer competition from out-of-town shops, and with the tightening up of piece-rate settlements, it is already becoming hard to earn a living. And the ILGWU officials have recently announced, to the great satisfaction of the employers, that they will now emphasize lower prices rather than new wage increases. Once more Dubinsky is giving the lead, sounding retreat even before the employers have launched their offensive against living standards while at the same time he advances with them against all progressives who fight for FDR's domestic and foreign program. But having "reluctantly" accepted another three-year term as ILGWU president, Dubinsky may discover an unexpected and far greater reluctance on the part of his members to follow where he leads.

The Story of Dorothy Anstable

They gave her a little certificate to say she was always on time and present every day. How virtue was a good girl's only reward.

A Short Story by WILMA SHORE

Illustration by Stefanelli.

MR. MCKINLEY, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I was kind of nervous about coming up here and speaking, I thought Mr. McKinley ought to make this speech instead. But he showed me it didn't matter so much *how* I said it as *what* I said. And after all, he was just Dorothy's principal, and I'm her brother. I don't mean *just* her principal, I know how much interest he took in her while she was at Lincoln High. I mean being her brother and all I know a lot more about her firsthand. So it seems like I'm the logical candidate.

Now Mr. McKinley said go ahead and tell you folks everything and anything I could think of about Dorothy. But I guess you folks know a good bit about her already. Anybody living in this town knows about Dorothy. And all of you being parents and friends of the class graduating here today, Dorothy's class, I guess you all knew about what she was trying to do all these years, and most of you had faith that she would do it. Just like she did. And Mom. And Dad too, of course.

Mr. McKinley said start at the beginning and go on from there, but I don't know just what the beginning is, when she was born, or what. I don't remember anything much about those first few years, boys don't pay attention to kid sisters, and nobody knew we had a celebrity in the family then. But Mom tells a story about Dorothy when she was a little bitty thing, and I can use that for a starter.

Well, when Dorothy started school, Mom let her go by herself. That was the Western Avenue school and our house was just around the corner on Overland. Mom always tells how the first morning she said, Now get along to school, you don't want to be tardy! And Dorothy says, What's tardy? And Mom says, Why, if you aren't in your room in school when the bell rings you're tardy. You have to be there when the bell rings. It's very, very bad to be tardy! She laid it on so thick, see, because she wanted to make an impression on Dorothy then and there, and not have to worry about it later on. But what happened was any time Dorothy heard a bell ring, she'd start in to cry. She thought she was tardy. It took weeks till Mom got her straightened out, that it was only the school bell she needed to worry about.

Well, you all know what happened as a result. What with living just down the street from school, and being so scared to be late, well, when it got the end of the year it turned out Dorothy wasn't late once. Not once. And it just so happened she wasn't absent either.

Well, they gave her a little, well, certificate, said how Dorothy Anstable was on time and present every day, signed by her teacher and principal, that was Miss Powell and Mrs. Stonebaugh. I remember the names because that was the first one. And Mom was so excited. I never did bring anything home like that. Mom got a frame in the five and ten and put it up in the front room and everybody came in the house they had to go look at it.

Well, then it didn't seem like anything. You know what I mean. I mean it was nice and all, when you figure she was only six and didn't hardly understand what she was doing. But nobody thought of it going any farther than that. It was just, well, Dorothy was real punctual, like other kids are real smart, or real good-looking, or one thing and another. And another thing, she was real healthy, not getting sick once that year. We figured it for a kind of an accident.

Just the same, it was nice. All the family made a big fuss over her. And next year when school started she tried to be not tardy or absent.

SEE the difference? This year she was trying. Not hard, I think if she had of missed a day that second year she would of dropped the whole thing, but it just so happened she was all right. I remember she got one sore throat toward the end of the year, but Mom stuck her in bed every afternoon after school, and dosed her up good. Everybody on the block brought over some different medicine or pill, and I guess

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mom tried them all. Anyhow, Dorothy didn't have a fever after the first day, so it came out all right.

So that was the second year. She got a certificate that year too. And the third year she was trying just that much harder. Each year it meant more to her, because she could understand it better. And each year the record was longer and more of a shame to break it.

Another thing, each year she got to be more important around the school. Any time there was a visitor or anything Dorothy had to stand up and get introduced, and the teacher tell about her and her record. I guess some of the other kids in her class wished it was them. You know how it is, there's always some people can't stand to see anyone else be something. Many's the time she came home from school in tears. At least in grammar school.

I don't say this to blame anybody; that's all over and done with. I just want to make the point that if Dorothy was somebody, like I say, it was because she worked hard for it. They could of done it too. If they had of wanted to lift themselves out of the mob, they could of, but they didn't care enough. They would of all liked to have their picture in the *Daily Beacon* every year like Dorothy, but they wouldn't any of them make the sacrifices she did.

Like the time she was nine, going on ten, and we were all supposed to go to our Grandma's in Indiana for two weeks the end of August. And then it turned out Dad made arrangements to see some man in Indiana the first day of school and so we couldn't drive back till the day after. He just forgot about Dorothy. You wouldn't hardly think he could, would you? But that wasn't even the only time—every five, six months he'd say, why didn't we go out to the lake and stay overnight Sunday, like we used to when Dorothy and I was little. Dorothy would say, but Dad, we might not be back in time Monday morning. And he would say, that's right, he just forgot for a minute.

So anyhow that summer I went with him to Grandma's but Mom and Dorothy stayed in town. That was during that hot spell, too, eight nine years ago. Mom and Dorothy stayed right here in the heat.

Or like this last Christmas. Although for a while . . .

Well, never mind that. All I wanted to say was, I didn't hear of no other boys or girls staying in town in the heat when they didn't have to. And Mom too. How many mothers would give up their own vacations so their kids could make a record? What some people would call kid's nonsense and not important. Just a silly record.

Dorothy couldn't of done it without Mom. Not in a million years. Of course, Dad helped too. Driving her to school mornings—things like that. But it never seemed to mean anything to him. Like the time Dorothy was eleven, she had some kind of a stomach upset and Dad kept saying it might be appendicitis and she shouldn't go to school. Well, it turned out it was nothing but this little upset. If it was appendicitis it would of been a different thing; she would of had to stay home if it was appendicitis. But Dad didn't know it was appendicitis and he was ready to keep her home anyhow.

Sometimes I just think Dad never really understood the whole thing.

For instance, in the fifth grade, they had an assembly where everybody stood for something, one little girl was Truthfulness and one little boy was Courage, and so on, they wore costumes, and Dorothy was Punctuality, of course, I remember she said something about,

All of these virtues are very fine,
But none of them can compare with mine.
Punctuality is my name
And you all have heard of my great fame.

And it went on, I forget the rest. Anyhow, she came in last and she sat on the throne. I guess some of you ladies remember it. Well, I guess you didn't notice one way or another, but Dad wasn't there. He just said he was busy downtown, something came up the last minute.

WELL, by the time Dorothy was in Junior High, people used to come up to her in the street and say, Aren't you Dorothy Anstable? I recognized you from the picture in the paper. People were beginning to see the real significance of the thing, that it was more than just being on time for school, they began to see how it was the American ideal of efficiency and service and responsibility. They put Dorothy in the citizenship rally in Stevens Park, right up on the stage. By that time she had a whole row of certificates in the front room, and Mom draped an American flag over them. It made a real nice display.

It was something nobody else in the town had, maybe in the country, I don't know.

Well, when it came time to start her in Lincoln High we had a transportation problem. The other kids nearby went over on their bikes or on the bus. But naturally we couldn't get Dorothy a bike, she might of had some kind of accident like kids do and been laid up for a week or more. Even for just one day. She didn't even get to ride my bike. Once I teased her until she got on; I just wanted to see if she could ride. And Mom came home and caught us. She sure made me feel cheap. She showed me how bad I'd feel if Dorothy should hurt herself and have to stay home from school and it be my fault. Well, I want to tell you! That was the last time I tried anything like that!

The bus was no good either. Everyone knows how undependable those busses are. They're just as likely to break down as not.

Well, if we'd of had the buggy that year Dad could of driven her, but it was just that summer we sold it on account of those expensive treatments for her ear; it was healing so slow the doctor was afraid she might have to miss the first week or so of school. Even with the treatments, she didn't hear a thing the first two weeks, but she was in school.

So the only thing to do was move. Dad felt real bad, he always liked the Overland Avenue house, we lived there ever since I was born. But there was no other way out. And with things the way they were Mom was lucky to find any house at all. The new house was six blocks from Lincoln, the upstairs of a duplex. Dad took up woodworking instead of gardening, there was a dandy workbench in the garage. He made Mom some real nice furniture and stuff. He's real handy, we sure miss him around the house these days. Mom used to like to watch him work; but of course she didn't have time to stay out in the garage. There was always a lot of things she had to do for Dorothy.

Like breakfasts; Dad used to always say, Why couldn't Dorothy get her own breakfast like other girls? But Dorothy never was much good in the kitchen, it made her nervous, trying to rush, and Mom always ended up fixing it herself, and Dad would just have to wait for his. She gets up every morning to fix Dorothy's breakfast to this day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or I can still see her holding the end of the jumping rope for Dorothy to skip. Sometimes the other kids didn't always feel like playing with Dorothy. I don't know why. Maybe—well, you know how strange you can feel with someone that's, well, different.

Or Mom used to take her to the five o'clock movie because when the other kids went at seven was too late. And then getting up all hours of the night to see if her alarm was set and running. Of course now she has the finest electric clock on the market, the Chamber of Commerce gave it to her three years ago, but all those years she just had a plain ordinary dollar alarm. It's down at the *Beacon* office, any time you want to take a look at it.

But then, Mom always said, if you want something special you have to pay for it. And it sure has been special for Mom. Everybody knows she's Dorothy Anstable's mother. If they don't know she always manages to work it into the conversation.

I don't just say that because she isn't here. I always kid her about that. But the way I feel, any pleasure she gets out of it she deserves it. That's what I told Dorothy last Christmas. Parents deserve. . . . But that's beside the point.

Take this Pittston deal. Last November Dad's firm sent him to Pittston. Well, there was just no way we could all move to Pittston without Dorothy losing a week at least. So Mom just stayed right here with us and let Dad go on by hisself. Not many women would do that.

We're supposed to join him this summer but the way he writes, he can't find a place for us to live. He's going to let us know soon as he finds something.

WELL, like Mr. McKinley said, this represents something for the whole school and the whole town to be proud of. I know we're proud, her family. Of course, that's natural. But we know how hard she worked for it. She wasn't just born punctual. She worked at it.

She gave up things. She never went to the drugstore after supper with the girls for a soda, even when they asked her, or then when they started hanging around the Malt Shop, with the juke box and dancing and all. Not that she didn't want to, Dorothy likes a good time as well as the next, only she was afraid she might oversleep herself the next day. At first the girls used to say, well, come for an hour, anyway. But she always said no, it was too hard to leave and everyone else stay.

So after a while they knew they couldn't get her out and they didn't try any more.

Of course when you don't go steady with a set, you get kind of left out sometimes. People just get out of the habit. They forget, is all. But it couldn't be helped. The only time Dorothy ever went out week nights was during vacation. This last Christmas there were several affairs. There was . . .

Twice before I started to talk about this, about what happened Christmas vacation, and each time I thought I shouldn't bring it up, it would give a bad impression and spoil what I'm trying to tell you about Dorothy. But I think maybe that's wrong, maybe it would help you understand.

Anyhow, it was the only time I ever saw her act as if—well, act different. What happened, she went to this Christmas dance here at school, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have an idea maybe she met somebody she kind of. . . . Well, I never did get the straight of it, but anyhow, some kids got up this tobogganing party from their folks' house at Mount Indarest for the last day of vacation and they asked Dorothy. She said she'd go, and she never told Mom.

She told me, because she needed me to cover for her, and I said I would, but then I thought about it a good long time and in the end I told Mom. I felt like it was my duty. Because everyone knows the chance you take that time of the year. If they'd of gotten up there and it started snowing, chances are they would of had to stay overnight and been late for school the next day. I thought it was crazy for her to even think of taking a chance like that.

Well, I told Mom first thing in the morning, before Dorothy was up, and then I had to go to work, so I don't know just what happened. Mom never told me and I didn't like to ask Dorothy.

She wasn't speaking to me for two weeks afterward, anyhow.

Well, when I got home from work Mom was in the kitchen with the door closed and Dorothy was in her room and two of the certificates on the floor in the front room and one of them with the glass broken. I would of swept it up only the broom was in the kitchen, so I just went down to the drugstore for supper. I guess Mom talked to her and explained it, and all. After all, Mom put a lot of time and all into this record the same as Dorothy. She wouldn't want to take a chance of the whole thing going down the drain. The last year of High.

Anyhow, that was only the once, and Dorothy got over it all right. I only bring it up to show how in spite of the way she wanted to go tobogganing, how this thing meant more to her than even that.

Well, in conclusion, that's the story of Dorothy and how she made her record. It was a pretty hard pull. But I think she got a lot out of the experience. I guess the whole town did. I don't mean the publicity, I mean the example, and all. I do know most people sure helped a lot, all these years, and we're sure grateful. I know if Dorothy could of been here today she'd say the same thing. And I think she'd like me to mention that she has already received two offers of employment, one from Wellman's Department Store, in the bookkeeping department, and one from the United Stationery, in the sales department.

It sure is a shame, me being the only one of the family here, but with Dad at Pittston—I guess he couldn't get away—and Mom staying with Dorothy . . .

But I want to tell you there's nothing to worry about, the doctor says; he says it's nothing serious, probably. He's just keeping her under observation a few days. She got that little cough around the beginning of the year, just after Christmas, and it just hung on. So now he just has her in bed for a little while. After all, she's been under considerable strain.

So I guess that's about all, and I want to say, thank you for your interest and for listening to all this speech. And thank you, Mr. McKinley, for this certificate. Dorothy's sure going to be pleased with it, this is the best yet. And I surely have enjoyed being here for these graduation exercises; why, I couldn't of gotten any bigger kick out of all this if I'd of been the one graduating. And Mr. Hardart isn't here, that's my boss, but I want to thank him anyhow for giving me this morning off.

Thank you, everybody. Thanks.

History by the Black Hills

When Custer came the first time
His men found gold in the grassroots. . . .

The Sioux watched. They looked at one another,
Hidden behind the pines, and loped their ponies
Swiftly down the draw, and no one spoke. . . .

The grass was deep there and the game was good.
The ponies were sleek and sassy,
Better than the Crow herds even;
The men ate roast buffalo hump,

Sweet with hot fat, and the nation prospered.
Then the wagons pitched over the hills
And the bluecoats hurried back.

Crazy Horse rode out to fight
With his hair unbound and white spots upon his face,
And Custer came again. . . .

Riding one day, he told the Ree scouts,
If he wiped out the Sioux,
He might be made president.

There on the bluffs near the river,
In the dust and smoke, the scream
Of eagle-bone whistles answered the rattle of carbines
While a great roar rose up from the valley: "Hoka hey!
Crazy Horse is coming!" And the grey horse troop went down,
And the dream died.

Soon after on the Tongue
The soldiers sacked their camp, the Sioux
Crept off in the snow and Crazy Horse was done.

He surrendered in the Moon When Ponies Shed,
With the herds gone and the nations broken,
With the grass burnt black and dust upon the waters.

(By the dirty chutes and the bleak grey shacks
They drudged and sweat for the shucks of gold
—For a whiskey dream, an ace-high bucking whore.)

Custer, with his grey horse troop,
Slept by the river with his dreaming done.

The bones of Crazy Horse, lost in the badlands,
With the grass turned into gold
And the roots gone.

JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE of the SIXTEEN

The appeal of the convicted anti-fascists will challenge the basis of thought-control.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

"THE House resolution [creating the Un-American Committee] . . . is couched in language . . . with no defined and recognizable meaning. . . . [It] gives to a few men . . . the opportunity to sit in perpetual judgment on the thoughts and opinions of their fellow men. This is the hallmark of the police state . . . in the mere opportunity to administer such a grant lies the genesis of fascism. . . ."

These words were part of the lengthy brief filed by Defense Counsel O. John Rogge and Benedict Wolf in their orfginal motion to dismiss conspiracy and contempt charges against the sixteen members of the board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. The motion was overruled by Justice Alexander Holtzoff, former adviser to the FBI, prior to his being rebuked by the Court of Appeals for his failure to disqualify himself after Rogge charged him with bias and prejudice. Thus the whole important question of the unconstitutionality of the Un-American Committee, having been ruled on by Holtzoff, did not come before the trial judge who supplanted him, Justice Richmond Keech. It is certain to be a major point, however, in any one of the cases emanating from the committee which reaches the Supreme Court.

When the government had completed its case against the JAFRC Judge Keech threw out the conspiracy charge. But it took the jury only half an hour to arrive at a verdict on the contempt charge, judging from the fact that after that time the jury asked the court whether it should return a verdict against each defendant, or all together. After being instructed to return one against each, it was only thirty-five minutes more before they were pronounced guilty. How a jury could sift the evidence from a two-weeks' trial, wipe their minds clean of all the testimony relating to conspiracy and return a fair verdict on contempt in any length of time was a matter for speculaion. And it was on this point, among others, that defense attorneys were expected to lean in asking for acquittal or a new trial last week. If the verdict stands for all or some of the defendants, an appeal will be taken, and if rejected by the Court of Appeals, will be sought in the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court can juggle its calendar and take up first whichever case it chooses from among the various Un-American Committee cases, either those rushed through with obscene haste by the government or those delayed until after the trial of the German Communist, Gerhart Eisler. Still pending are those of Helen Bryan, JAFRC executive secretary, George Marshall, of the Civil Rights Congress, and Richard Morford, of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, all charged with contempt.

Even in its narrowest legal sense the House resolution setting up the Un-American Committee fails to meet the constitutional requirement that a person must know what dangers he faces under any criminal statute. The courts have held that a criminal statute must for this reason be exact. True, the resolution is not itself a criminal statute, but it may be said to become part of one in conjunction with Section 192 of the Criminal Code, which says it is a misdemeanor not to testify and produce books and records on demand by a Congressional committee. This states simply that if the request for testimony or documents is "on the matter under inquiry" it must be met. To be in contempt of Congress in this case you must go back to the House resolution to see what it is the committee is permitted to inquire into.

But the words "subversive" and "un-American" in the resolution creating the committee are so indefinite as to give a man called before the committee no clear idea of their meaning. A recent Supreme Court ruling cited by Rogge was that regulations for administering OPA must be as definite as those of a criminal statute. Because they were not in that case, and the defendant did not know the dangers he was running by failing to carry them out, the Court ruled against the government.

THERE was a great to-do on that business of "matter under inquiry" in the JAFRC trial. There is little precedent, legal observers say, for prophesying whether Justice Keech will or will not be reversed in a higher court on this. Before hearing evidence on it he excluded the jury, which spent about half its time in the trial shuttling in and out of the courtroom, or sitting for hours staring at each other in the jury room—at any rate missing the hottest arguments and most interesting parts of the proceedings. Then the judge spent a day in hearing government evidence and arguments and decided that yes, sure enough, the committee was pursuing "the matter under inquiry" in demanding the JAFRC books.

It was a question of deciding that the Un-American Committee believed the JAFRC was engaged in propaganda activities of a subversive or un-American nature and had reasonable grounds for the belief. But this is not what the defendants were on trial for; it was only for failure to turn over records of the JAFRC to the committee. Although the niceties of law required that the court, to avoid prejudicing the jury's minds, exclude anything relating to the committee's be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liefs and charges of un-American or subversive activity, the very name of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, together with the House resolution, which was read to the jury, were bound to create just this prejudice. No matter how fair a judge's rulings, this would be the case.

To show the court, then, that the Un-American Committee was within its rights and pursuing "the matter under inquiry" in demanding JAFRC books, the government put the committee's former chairman, John S. Wood, on the stand. He told how he had received a copy of a letter sent by FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover to the War Relief Control Board saying JAFRC "has been reported . . . engaged in political activities." JAFRC, he found, was "reliably reported to have urged the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Spain." Rep. Wood also allowed how he understood that several persons on the JAFRC board "were known to have leanings toward Communist philosophy." And "I and several other members of the committee thought the American Medical Bureau (which operated in Spain during the civil war) was Communist-dominated" and that Dr. Edward K. Barsky, chairman of the JAFRC board, was connected with it. What did he know about the American Medical Bureau? Why, there were those newspaper clippings which Assistant US Attorney Charles B. Murray had introduced. These were none other than three pieces by the well-known FBI stooge, Frederick Woltmann of the New York *World-Telegram*, which appeared Feb. 20, 21 and 22, 1941, in which Mr. Woltmann gave the lowdown on what happened in Spain in 1937 and 1938. Murray had handled them gingerly, reading the faded newsprint with difficulty.

". . . and in his spirit let us beware of those subversives who would overthrow these United States."

"How would you define a Communist?" Rogge asked Wood on cross-examination. Murray objected and the court sustained the objection. It would be "the theoretical view of a particular witness," Murray said.

"Isn't it a fact you've heard Rankin state on the floor of the House that FEPC was Communistic?" Rogge asked. Objection sustained.

"I'm entitled to show," said Rogge, "that everything in a liberal vein, everything connected with President Roosevelt's program and policies, was attacked by this committee."

"And the court rules you may not do it," Judge Keech snapped; the judicial smile which followed was not exactly warming.

Asked what he meant by "leanings toward Communist philosophy," Wood replied that "the word 'lean' means to bend toward." Asked if it were not a fact that whenever an organization protested against the JAFRC "investigation" the Un-American Committee promptly requested that organization to submit its books and records, Wood did not reply. When pressed as to whether they had "a shred of evidence" to back up his "understanding" that JAFRC tried to get transit visas for Communists to come into this country, Wood sank back on "State Department information." He could name only one person in whose behalf the JAFRC had intervened, however.

Both Mr. Wood and the trial prosecutors leaned heavily on the State Department, in the person of witness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert C. Alexander, assistant chief of the visa division of the State Department. But if Mr. Alexander was aware that the trial of the recalcitrant sixteen had seemingly developed into a trial of the Un-American Committee itself, and that he was depended on to take the committee off a spot, he appeared to feel himself equal to the occasion. He testified with a remarkable readiness. No flicker of doubt crossed his face; he wore throughout the virtuous and triumphant look of one who never questions a well-worn prejudice.

"Now you said," queried Rogge, reading from Alexander's secret testimony before the Un-Americans in February, 1946, after their original demand of the JAFRC records but prior to subpoenaing the board, " 'There is no doubt that it is honeycombed with Communism.' What do you base this on?"

"Various reports from various sources in government channels," said Mr. Alexander with the finality of authority proceeding from the honor of being used by the government as fingerman in lieu of the usual shady characters—professional spies, saboteurs and cranks—who traditionally provide so many of these "various reports."

"Name some of these Communists," said Rogge, as he looked down with a mixture of amusement and contempt at the bland features of the neatly-dressed little man who went to the State Department thirty years ago as a clerk.

Mr. Alexander, using the editorial "we" and thus conjuring up a picture of all the busy investigating bureaus, War, Navy, Civil Service, FBI, acting as one happy family, said: "We consider that Dr. Barsky, Ruth Leider, attorney, and James Lustig, union official, were Communists." Then there followed this passage, with Rogge questioning and Mr. Alexander replying:

Q. Do you mean to tell me you base your testimony that this organization was 'honeycombed with Communists' on three people, and on them you don't have information? A. Well, I base it on other things, too—on the general type of case the committee interested itself in [although he, too, could name but one individual for whom JAFRC sought a visa], and the name of the organization itself: anti-fascist.

Q. (After the laughter had died down and the bailiff called for quiet in the courtroom.) Did I understand you to say that the very fact a person used the name 'anti-fascist' means he is a Communist? A. (With a knowing air) It's a possibility.

Mr. Alexander explained fervently why he was so sure Mrs. Leider was a Communist, while Mrs. Leider, a pleasant-faced little woman in an upturned white hat, regarded him curiously from the other side of the courtroom. It seems that she had taken over the practice of a deceased lawyer, and that "reports that pass through our hands indicated" he had handled Communist cases. Was the dead lawyer a Communist? Oh, no, so far as he knew he was not, because he handled cases "on a humanitarian basis" and he wasn't "anti-fascist."

"Let's see," Rogge mused. "You are less inclined to think he was a Communist than Ruth Leider? Yet one of the reasons you think she is a Communist is because she took over his files?" With perfect aplomb, Mr. Alexander replied, "That's one."

But Mr. Alexander didn't think that everyone who opposed fascism was necessarily a Communist, "not altogether." It was just that persons who called themselves anti-fascists generally were "some group with a Communist complex." Rogge asked Mr. Alexander if in truth his opposition to members of the committee was not because they were opposed to Franco. "Not alone," he said virtuously.

After Judge Keech dismissed the conspiracy charge, Rogge was overheard to say to an associate: "That took real courage on the part of the judge." At the same time some legal observers—and the courtroom attracted many at various times when arguments were to be heard—felt that, even conceding his courage in tossing out the conspiracy charge, the judge stretched a point to let the contempt case go to the jury.

In any event, as Rogge attempted to tell the jury in his closing argument in behalf of the sixteen doctors, lawyers, housewives, and others, before he was stopped by government objection: "Rather than prosecute people who stand up for their rights against the unlawful encroachment of the Un-American Committee on Un-American Activities, we should reward them—and if our democratic institutions survive, some day we shall."

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

Argentine expects to increase its beef exports to Europe. Eva Peron's tour is evidently merely a sample of things to come.

●

Representative Hoffman complains that the "Daily Worker" never mentions him anymore. It isn't that they don't think of him occasionally; it just isn't printable.

●

Many countries fear the Marshall Plan will commit them to American policy. They are somewhat dubious about an exchange of food for thought.

●

Secretary Harriman has already hinted that the Marshall Plan may apply elsewhere than in Europe. It is quite possible that both Europe and Asia will shortly become fed up.

●

A Warner & Swasey Machine Tool Company advertisement claims that "the worst crime against working people is a company which fails to operate at a profit." The copy was obviously written before the Taft-Hartley bill was passed.

●

If failing to operate at a profit is a crime then the NAM is on the side of the angels.

●

GOP Congressman Schwabe of Missouri says that proposed increases in the forty-cents-an-hour minimum are "un-American." After all, the soldiers at Valley Forge weren't making even that much.

●

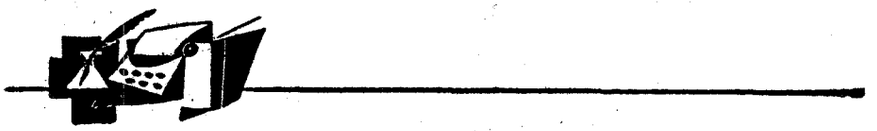
There is said to be a definite coolness between Attorney General Tom Clark and J. Edgar Hoover. It was thought that they'd eventually get around to suspecting each other of subversive activities.

●

The Army is showing great concern for our defense around the North Pole. It should be remembered that this region is our only source of supply of icebergs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

review and comment



FROM THE BOOKSHELF

UNDERSTANDING THE RUSSIANS, *edited by Bernhard J. Stern and Samuel Smith. Barnes & Noble.* $2.75.

BERNHARD STERN and Samuel Smith have undertaken the urgent task of supplying a textbook which can give the average person an adequate, basic survey of the Soviet Union and that will be suitable for use in schools and colleges.

The editors had two alternatives. They might have written a book that would survey the field; this would have made for greater unity of materials and perspective but its utility would have been limited to those with confidence in the authors. Stern and Smith chose a second approach, charting the main fields of Soviet life and seeking the best, concise statements by different authorities that they could find. The result is a compilation of excerpts from fifty-one commentators, American, British and Soviet. What they lose in unity is made up in comprehensiveness. They are protected against the charge of special pleading. For physiography and basic economic facts they reproduce articles in *Fortune* Magazine and from the pen of Sumner Welles; for basic government policy they quote impressive paragraphs from Joseph Stalin; for cultural aspects they turn to men in professional fields—Alexander Kendrick on the press, Elie Siegmeister on music, Louis Lozowick on art; and for a major area such as law they quote a man like John Hazard, who has had State Department associations and teaches at Columbia University.

The result of this method is impressive. It makes for a readable, intensely interesting and most informative volume. My only criticism is that it appears to have been some time in the toils of publication, so that most of the articles are from wartime sources. It reflects a sincere attempt of responsible Americans to bolster and sustain wartime cooperation and pave the way for its extension as a basis for the postwar world. In view of the rapid shift in administration orientation since the death of Roosevelt, this book represents in a way the higher-water-mark of American-Soviet relations, and is not always geared to sharp and hostile criticism which has developed since. At some points, one could recommend more helpful articles that have appeared in the last year, in the sense of having more elaborated factual content or being better weighted to meet public questions. However, this defect can easily be offset in the classroom by supplementary material.

The business of understanding the Soviet Union for the average American is infinitely complicated by the common tendency to compare Soviet and American procedures at this or that point with inevitable bafflement. The virtue of this book which outstrips all other qualifications is that it helps the reader or student to get an over-all impression of the basic organization and attitudes of the Soviets which provide a different context for their procedures, item by item. This is the key to *Understanding the Russians*. On this score the editors have done well. This is an extraordinarily useful book. Every effort should be made to bring it to the attention of schools and colleges.

WILLIAM H. MELISH.

Three French Poets

BAUDELAIRE, RIMBAUD, VERLAINE: SELECTED VERSE AND PROSE POEMS, *edited, with an introduction, by Joseph M. Bernstein. Citadel Press.* $3.75.

THE translator of poetry has, as the Tin Pan Alley version puts it, "two strikes on him from the start." His is a double dilemma, the Lady or the Tiger with a vengeance. If he translates literally, what of the formal and informal rhyme schemes? Or if he chooses to retain the sonnet, sestina or ballade, then sense is apt to turn into its opposite.

French-to-English is an especially difficult transference. The graceful, pastel Gallicisms smash their wings on our stony language. Then, too, one has to strain more for end rhymes in English. Frequently the light, leaping syllables with their subtle alliteration become toughened as they cross the Atlantic.

In most of these poems of the Big Three, the translators have seen fit to maintain the formal French verse structures. Inevitably, the English adaptations suffer. For instance, in Arthur Symons' version of Baudelaire's "The Cart," he makes use of the word "intoxicatedness" — obviously because he needs the last syllable to rhyme with the rest of the stanza. And in "The Beautiful Boat," in such a line as "My desire to respire thy charms that are divine," the phrasing is archaic, the meter forcibly dragged out. With a few exceptions, I am not familiar enough with the originals to say just how radical or inferior the changes are, but there can be no doubt that the prose poems come off best. Particularly the Baudelaire ones — my own favorites are "A Hemisphere in Tresses," "The Soup and the Clouds," "The Clock," and "The Mirror"—which, in a tangential way, is a charming refutation of I. F. Stone's *PM* editorial claiming free speech for Christian Fronters as a necessary participle to the language of democracy.

The translations from Verlaine, for this reader anyway, have the least to offer. The selections lack the daring, the streak of lightning to be found in the younger Rimbaud, and the many-sided, stained-glass richness pouring out of the older Baudelaire.

Bernstein's longish introduction is challenging and fruitful for the general reader. He claims Baudelaire as the father of modern poetry. This argument needs propping up, but it is an interesting conception. He sees Baudelaire as an anti-Romantic: "Where they [the Romantic poets of the first half of the nineteenth century] sentimentalized, he was disciplined, rigorous, and astringent in his self-analysis." Bernstein goes on to stress Baudelaire as a homo duplex, the divided man, an ambivalence which he considers one of the familiar hallmarks of the poet in our century.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bernstein's biographical notes on all three poets are helpful in relating the artists to their particular time and society. Certainly other editors could benefit from this introduction, for too often one has the feeling that the artist under discussion has sprung, like Minerva, from Jove's head, straight out of his own manuscript umbilical. However, because the introduction is so stimulating, one would like the translations to be better. Definitive adaptations have yet to be written. But Bernstein should continue—there are so many poets and prose writers of other countries who should be studied here that he ought to inaugurate a series of foreign texts. Aragon, Claudel, the Golls, Triolet certainly in France; Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Olesha from the Soviet Union; and so on.

HELEN RALSTON.

Civil War Communist

JOSEPH WEYDEMEYER, *by Karl Oberman. International.* $1.85.

THE Marxist movement in the United States, as Richard Boyer recently observed, is older than the Republican Party which seeks to suppress it. Early American Marxists not only helped found the anti-slavery Republican Party but were instrumental in nominating, electing and reelecting Abraham Lincoln to the wartime presidency. And pioneers of the American Communist movement opposed and fought slavery with the same consistency and vigor their present-day political descendants display toward fascism, both in its open and concealed form.

During the Civil War virtually every Marxist of military age volunteered in the Union Army and fought the slave power. Among the better-known Communist volunteers of the time was Colonel Joseph Weydemeyer, who fought under Generals Fremont, Halleck and Rosencrans. Karl Oberman's biography of Weydemeyer represents the first serious effort to unearth and examine the almost forgotten records of the founders and pioneers of the American Marxist movement, with Weydemeyer occupying the center of his study.

Weydemeyer was an accomplished Marxist who devoted his entire life to the ideal of emancipating humanity from all forms of exploitation and oppression. Like his intimate friends and co-workers Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, he recognized that only an organized, experienced and politically-conscious working class could achieve a classless society in which all means of production became the common, public property of the people. Weydemeyer's far-flung activities testify that he understood that the working class must actively participate in every genuine democratic movement of the people. Thus we find him fighting on the barricades in Germany in 1848, leading the people's troops in the democratic revolution. In America he helped found early trade unions, assisted in the formation of workers' political movements, edited several Marxist publications, wrote for progressive labor papers, actively participated in the free soil movement and, when the Southern slave power threatened to disrupt the young Republic, joined the Union Army against it.

Weydemeyer was also a charter member of the original Communist League, the forerunner of all Communist parties of the world. This study

Marc Chagall.

of his life, based on an enormous amount of original source material, is appropriate to the international celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Marxism. It is also a useful book in understanding the history of the American working class, so much of whose past is only now beginning to reach the light.

RALPH BOWMAN.

Across 2,000 Years

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, *translated by C. Day Lewis. Oxford University Press.* $2.50.

"I BELIEVE that every classical poem worth translating should be translated afresh every fifty years," writes C. Day Lewis in his preface to this new version of the work into which the author of the *Aeneid* put both his knowledge as a farmer and his skill as a poet. "The contemporary poetic idiom, whether it be derived chiefly from common speech or a literary tradition, will have changed sufficiently within that period to demand a new interpretation." Lewis' version, which is contemporary in the most authentic sense, deriving both from the common speech and the literary tradition of our time, provides a brilliant justification for his argument. It makes of Virgil's poem a fresh and meaningful thing. One has only to read Virgil's own defense of his choice of a theme, written in an era wracked with wars like our own, when he could only dream of some future farmer driving his plough in a time of peace through "old spears eaten away with flaky rust," to understand why translating the *Georgics* seemed to a contemporary British poet in a Britain fighting in a war for its life a worthwhile occupation:

". . . there's so much war in the world,
Evil has so many faces, the plough so little
Honour, the labourers are taken, the fields untended,
And the curving sickle is beaten into the sword that yields not."

C. Day Lewis' triumph here is to have given us a Virgil who speaks to us across the span of almost two milleniums, singing of peace to voice his hatred of war—singing "of agriculture and the care of flocks . . . / . . . while great Caesar fired his lightnings . . . / . . . and gave justice to docile peoples."

Lewis' translation is a kind of homage, the best kind one poet can pay another, perhaps, and in this case fully worthy of its object; and it is more than that: it is also a kind of homage to human values which, like the poems of the past, continually need to be translated into living terms and thus kept alive.

WALTER MCELROY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sights and sounds

FILMS IN NORTHERN EUROPE

The Danes and Norwegians recount the Resistance, while the "neutral" Swedes concentrate on sex.

By PAULA WIKING

IN THE course of a stay for most of last year in Scandinavia and Finland, I had the opportunity of seeing several of these countries' outstanding films. It struck me once again, as often before, how much more clearly than other art forms a country's films reflect its social atmosphere.

The films of the four northern countries clearly reveal their different experiences during the war years. The Danes and Norwegians have based their best films since the war on the experiences of the Resistance movements; the Finns, too poor to make many films, were showing only one of their own while I was there, a semi-documentary dealing with one of the legacies of the war; while the too, too neutral Swedes, rich enough to flood their neighbors with their own film production, have concentrated on sex, with a leaning toward the morbid.

A Norwegian Resistance film, *Jeg vil leve* (I Want to Live), tells the story of almost any active patriot under the occupation: resistance to the Nazis, arrest and questioning with torture, prison, and escape to continued fighting. As a film story, it is one with which Hollywood has made us sufficiently familiar. But the Norwegian film, in spite of defects of technique and a curious failure to make authenticity exciting, has the ring of sincerity; certain shots are intimate and moving, particularly one showing the daily half-hour of exercise in the boxed-off compartments, one to each prisoner, in the prison-yard, when the singing of a girl prisoner keeps courage and solidarity alive in the hearts of her fellows.

A torture sequence, on the other hand, filmed on the actual site of such occurrences, the notorious Gestapo H.Q., Mollergaten 19 in Oslo (which has since reverted to its normal function as the central offices of a democratically reorganized police force), was singularly unconvincing. Partly, I think, the trouble lay in the mind of the spectator. We have become so inured to the uninhibited sadism of Hollywood that anything less fails to shake us. Certainly the Norwegian actors were much too humane to bash one another with any gusto.

But the chief reason for the comparative weakness of the film was certainly the Norwegian film industry's lack of resources. There are about a dozen small film-producing companies, none of them working to a regular schedule, and only one film studio (at Jar), which is hired out as required to the different companies.

The fact that the total population of Norway is just over three million means that at least one person in every four must see every Norwegian film if it is to pay its way. Moreover, the competition from foreign films is very keen. Of the 221 new films shown during 1946, only eight were Norwegian. The Americans have captured most of the market with eighty-six films, and the Swedes came next with forty-six. But it is an interesting comment on the international-mindedness of the Norwegians that it was also possible to show forty British, fourteen French, twelve Russian and twelve Danish, besides a couple of Swiss and Belgian, films.

The Norwegian government, alive to the importance of a thriving film industry in the country's cultural life, has decided to return to the industry entertainment tax amounting to 300,000 *kroner* (about $60,000). Besides this, a special film fund amounting to three million *kroner* has been established, and a Film Council set up which can recommend additional financial assistance to films of particular merit.

THE Danish Resistance film *De rode Enge* (The Red Earth), which tells the story of a group of saboteurs who discover an informer in their midst and summarily execute him, is much better than *I Want to Live*, and achieves a tremendous power of conviction.

By a subtle differentiation of character, and a sensitive study of the nuances of psycho-political tension in the people engaged in this dangerous struggle, the film succeeds in projecting into the spectator's consciousness the actual emotions on which it is built: the gasping anxiety, yet unwavering will to go on fighting, of the wife whose saboteur husband is in hourly danger of capture and death; the abjectness of the traitor unmasked and facing punishment; the fierce elation of the patriots over their successful act of sabotage. Only a film of real artistic worth, with a masterly command of the medium, could so grip the onlooker's emotions.

Another important and first-rate Danish film of the Resistance movement is *Det gaelder din Frihet* (Your Freedom is at Stake) which was actually made, with the greatest ingenuity and at considerable personal risk, by Danish patriots inside Denmark during the occupation. An interesting point about this film is the fact that sequences critical of collaborationist elements in Denmark were cut —not in the Danish version shown inside the country, but in Sweden, whose collaborationists, being "neutral" and never brought to trial, still sit in the seats of the mighty.

A third Danish film, *Fra Danmarks Oldtid* (From Denmark's Ancient History), also made in difficult conditions during the occupation, is of interest chiefly because the actors appear entirely in the nude. I hasten to add that there is nothing in the least objectionable or sensational about it. The film is silent and in color, giving a reconstruction of very early tribal life in Denmark, based on archaeological and historical evidence. The actors' bodies were stained a warm tan, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came out rather well, though the colors of the film were otherwise dim (owing, I understand, to the difficulty of obtaining raw materials).

SWEDISH films are totally different in character. They betray a rather goatish pleasure in unsavory details, often dusted over with religious make-up; in fact, a Swedish critic recently wrote that Swedish films were the most immoral, and in the worst taste, in the world. But the acting and production are often superb—which, of course, hardly improves matters.

The worst of its kind that I have seen was *Kris* (Crisis), which tells the story of a middle-aged, still attractive woman with a teen-age daughter (apparently illegitimate) whom she takes away from her kindly, if moral, spinster foster-mother to questionable surroundings; here the girl is promptly seduced by the mother's lover. The seduction scene, with the girl half stripped on a couch, and the mother coming into the room in the middle of it, was one of the most revolting things I have ever seen.

Other films of a similar type are *Rotagg* (The Rotter), the story of a dissipated and degenerate scholboy; *Frenzy;* and a recent film of which I have had reports, *Flickan och Djavulen* (The Girl and the Devil), in which a girl with a witch's soul, brought up by the devil, is redeemed to the strains of *A sure stronghold our God is still.*

The preoccupation with this kind of subject seems to me a direct consequence of Sweden's isolated position during the war, and the fact that sections of its middle class and intelligentsia are still tainted with Nazi ideas. At the same time, there is a widespread, if only half-conscious, feeling of guilt. Sooner or later in every conversation with a Swede, there crops up the defensive reminder of "all we are doing to help Europe." There is also a desire to play a more active part in world affairs, become more intimately a member of the family of nations, while yet escaping the rest of the world's hardships, and continuing to enjoy their own wealth and ease. The result of these rather contradictory longings seems to be a kind of stalemate—at any rate in the cultural sphere—a boredom seeking escape in violent and *outre* sensations.

In all the Scandinavian countries, an interesting use is being made of the fiction-documentary in the campaign against venereal disease. The only Finnish film showing when I was in Helsinki dealt with this subject, but was not such a pretentious and overheated affair as its Swedish equivalent. The male lead was quietly and sincerely acted by Finland's football idol, Rautavaara, who is also a professional actor. The Finnish film industry has, of course, great difficulties to cope with particularly the lack of raw materials.

At the moment, it is certainly the Danes who are making the most valuable films, both as to content and technique. The Swedish films have the gloss and technical finish of Hollywood (Sweden has, in fact, been called the most American of the European countries), but the heart stays cold. Unless the more progressive forces in Sweden make themselves felt in the world of culture—and there are signs that they soon may—it is to their war-ravaged neighbors that one will turn for mental and emotional, if not always artistic, satisfaction.

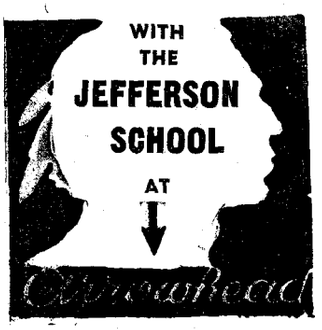
"The Vow"

A FAVORITE American slogan one used to see hung in tool cribs and offices during the war was "The difficult we do immediately; the impossible may take a little longer." If the Soviet people haven't had that slogan pasted up in their machine shops and cow barns during the last quarter-century they certainly have had its equivalent. It was impossible to build socialism in one country, remember? It was impossible to teach a peasant to run a tractor; it was impossible to change human nature. Yet the Russians did all these things in only a few moments longer than immediately, as we measure the history of man.

The drama of their gigantic leap from the past into the future has been caught in many films. One thinks of *The Road to Life, Chapayev, Lenin in 1918,* the *Maxim* films, *Gypsies, The New Teacher, Tanya, The Great Beginning*—the list of the great Russian classics is long. And now comes *The Vow* (at the Stanley), which attempts an epic sweep of Soviet history from 1924 to the end of the late war, with a tribute in particular to Stalin's immeasurable contribution to his country's progress. The film begins with a vow Stalin takes at Lenin's grave in 1924 to carry on the work of the

IT'S VACATION TIME

Busses Direct to Arrowhead from School



Ellenville, N. Y. Tel. 502- 503
Reservations: ARROWHEAD or
Jefferson School of Social Science
575 Sixth Ave. WAtkins 9-1600
Telephone for information

Crystal Lake
Chestertown, N. Y.
CH-3830
THE DE-LUXE CAMP FOR ADULTS
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Private 60-acre lake — All sports
Stimulating Lectures
Luxurious Accommodations
•
Write — Crystal Lake
N.Y. Phone: Jefferson School
575 6th Ave. - WAtkins 9-1600

YOURS! A little more than EVERYTHING!
FOR A WONDERFUL VACATION— MAKE SUMMER RESERVATIONS NOW!
ALL SPORTS (professionally equipped) ... riding, too. . . indoor recreations, Arts and Crafts, good eating, merry company, entertainment staff, musicales, open-hearth fires, cheery quarters (regular or de luxe).
WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150
CHESTERS
A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

The ALLABEN
Ellenville 625 NAPANOCH, NEW YORK
City Office: GR 7-1882
ALL THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE A BIG VACATION
Cultural and Social Activities under supervision of THE SCHOOL OF JEWISH STUDIES
13 Astor Place, New York City
FAST TENNIS COURTS . . . CRYSTAL SWIMMING POOL . . . REGULATION HANDBALL COURTS . . . ORCHESTRA . . . SOCIAL STAFF AND ACTING COMPANY . . . DE LUXE ACCOMMODATIONS . . .
PLUS FAMED ALLABEN SERVICE AND CUISINE
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER
Edelheit & Schneider, Mgr's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HILLTOP Lodge

ON BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN LAKE

Phone: Hopewell Junction 2761
R.R. Station: PAWLING, N. Y.

Only 65 miles from N. Y. C.

MANY NEW IMPROVEMENTS and ADDITIONS THIS SEASON

Complete and Varied Social and Athletic Facilities

TENNIS, Night Tennis, HANDBALL SWIMMING, BOATING, HORSEBACK, BASEBALL, CYCLING, Etc.

Our Food Is Tops

For the Utmost in Vacation Value CHOOSE *HILLTOP*

Under direction of
Paul Wolfson - Sol Rothauser
N. Y. Office: 105 Nassau St.
Tel.: COrtland 7-3958

HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N.Y.

White Gates

Wappinger Falls, New York

1½ Hours to Country Charm and Seclusion

OUR CUISINE — OUR SPECIAL PRIDE
SPORTS — RECORDINGS — LIBRARY

Summer Rates: $45 to $55
Stag Cottage, $35 weekly

Tel.: WHitehall 3-9331 or Wappinger Falls 469

MAUD'S SUMMER-RAY

North Branch Sullivan County, N. Y.
Telephone: Callicoon 95 or 148

GALA WEEKEND ACTIVITIES

William Gailmor, Lecturer, July 19

MUSIC, DRAMA, SPORTS, TENNIS, LAKE ORCHESTRA, COCKTAIL BAR

For travel information, rates and reservations, call City Office:
Daily, GRamercy 7-5089; Sun., GRamercy 5-2473

Pine Crest in the Berkshires

WEST CORNWALL, CONN.

on the beautiful Housatonic River

A delightful Adult Resort

Main House & Deluxe Bungalows for 2
Boating, Swimming, fine Tennis, Bicycling
Music Recordings and dancing.
Attractive July Rates
DIANA & ABE BERMAN

The Woodlands

FOR ADULTS

For the Spirited: hiking, swimming, tennis, ping pong, handball, volleyball, archery, trout fishing

PHOENICIA, N. Y.

For the Lazybones: sound movies, modern library, recordings, fireplace, good eating.

ART CLASSES held by JOSEPH ZENK
Rates: $47.50 and $50.00 weekly
SIGGIE GOLDNER Phone: PHOENICIA 33 F 4

founder of the Soviet state and carries us through the building of Stalingrad to the war and victory.

Interwoven with the larger story is that of the Petrov family of Stalingrad; we follow them through their suffering, accomplishment and joys as they take part in the building of their city and its great tractor plant, at a time when kulak and industrial saboteurs were still active. We go with them to a great banquet in the Kremlin celebrating the victories of the Five-Year Plan, meet Papanin in an entertaining scene, as well as Stalin, Molotov and others. Father Petrov has his share of vodka and, overcome with the joy of life, dances "The Old Maid," in which he is joined by his old friend Budyenny in another amusing scene. Then comes Munich, and an effective sequence in which the cynical, sly Georges Bonnet, French Foreign Minister, dances with his mistress while German tanks rumble across the Czechoslovakian border.

The Vow is an ambitious undertaking. Perhaps part of its weakness lies in the very fact that it tries to cover so much ground, making inevitable the sketched-in character and the synoptic incident. Many sequences, presented as they are on what amounts to a semi-symbolic level, lack the realism we have come to expect in Soviet films. But to my mind a greater difficulty lies in the treatment of Stalin himself. Stalin as well as most of the other characters becomes a victim of symbolitis. The direction is such that he is played stiffly, moving through the scenes surrounded by awe—rather than the comradely respect and admiration with which he actually is regarded. One has only to compare this treatment with that of Lenin in the unforgettable films *Lenin in 1918* and *Lenin in October* to be struck by the gap that separates them from *The Vow*. Lenin was brought alive in all his strength and dignity and humanness for millions to whom he would otherwise have remained a remote figure. *University of Life* did the same for another beloved figure, Gorky.

I do not wish to belabor this point further, for the film does have moments of genuineness and effectiveness. But it is worth recalling what Stalin himself has had to say on this subject. In a letter to Professor Razin of Feb. 23, 1946, one of Stalin's criticisms of Razin's paper on military matters was: ". . . The dithyrambs in honor of Stalin grate on the ears and simply

NEW MASSES

Classified Advertisements

50¢ a line. Payable in advance. Min. charge $1.50. Approx. 7 words to a line.
Deadline, Fri., 4 p.m.

WANTED—TRIP MATE

For approx. 2 months leisurely amble across country and return to N.Y.C. Want trip-mate and means of transportation. Leave about July 25. Would prefer share expenses and/or rent your car. Otherwise bus and train. Leona, Box 67, NM.

SHARE EXPENSES—CALIFORNIA

Professional couple wishes ride to California July 15-25. Will share expenses. Call Gibraltar 2-6628W.

INSURANCE

LEON BENOFF, serving a satisfied clientele since 1919, with every kind of insurance, including LIFE INSURANCE, 391 East 149th St., N. Y. Call Me. 5-0984.

INSURANCE

CARL BRODSKY—Any kind of Insurance including Automobile, Fire, Life, Compensation, etc. 799 Broadway, N. Y. C. Tel. GR. 5-3826.

EYE CARE

EUGENE STEIN, Optometrist—Eye examinations—Glasses Fitted—Visual Training. Room 507, 13 Astor Place (140 East 8th St.), NY 3. GRamercy 7-0930.

PIANO FOR SALE

Used upright. Good tone. Reconditioned. Action guaranteed. Ralph J. Appleton, DIckens 6-5777 or PLaza 3-0566.

PIANOS RECONDITIONED

Why buy a new piano at today's inflated prices? Let us recondition your old one. Original tone and touch restored. Ralph J. Appleton: 157 East 56th St., Brooklyn 3, N. Y. DIckens 6-5777. PLaza 3-0566

TYPEWRITER CO.

Typewriters, mimeos, adders, office machines repaired. Buy, sell, exchange. Monthly service 100% union. Vets. A & B Typewriter—633 Melrose—JE 8-1604.

VERMONT VACATION

ETHAN ALLEN FARM offers simple living in beautiful countryside to a few guests. Inter-racial. $35 per week. Write: Miss Reland Gray, R.F.D. 2, Chester, Vt.

HEALTH REST

Take a sensible Health-Building Vacation at HEALTH REST vegetarian resort. Weekly, week-end; moderate rates. Phone Nanuet 2316. Nanuet, N. Y.

CITY SLICKER FARM

CITY SLICKER FARM, Jeffersonville, Sullivan Co., N. Y. Swimming, barn dances. And food! Mmmm! $36 wk. Booklet. Phone Callicoon 65 F 22.

MEN RELAX — KEEP FIT!
Special Yearly Gym Course
$135.00
Special For Boys
Boxing Scientifically Taught
WOMEN—Mon-Wed-Fri 10 a.m.-9 p.m.
Special Short Courses

GOODWIN'S GYM
1457 Broadway (42nd St.) WI. 7-8250

Patronize

New Masses Advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAKELAND

Make Your Reservations Now for a Joyous Vacation at

Camp Lakeland

ON SYLVAN LAKE
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
Telephone: Hopewell Junction 85

With All Facilities for a COMPLETE VACATION — RATES $40 and Up
DELICIOUS FOODS . . . ALL SPORTS
TOP-NOTCH ENTERTAINMENT

N.Y.C.R. to Pawling; Busses Direct to Camp from Dixie Terminal, West 42nd St.
Telephone: GRamercy 7-8659
New York Office: 1 UNION SQUARE W.

SCHROON CREST
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

Bob Adler and Cast of Stars • Al Sheer & Orchestra • Harry Gottlieb, Artist • Folk Dancing • Cozy Bar • Private Sandy Beach Swimming • Rowing • Motor Boating Canoes • Bicycles • Horses • 5 Superb Tennis Courts • All Sports • New Dining Room and Lounge.
Phone: Chestertown 2830—City: MA 4-8570
AN INFORMAL ADULT CAMP on SCHROON LAKE
LEAH OKUN, Director

MERRIEWOODE
A Camp for Adults **Stoddard, N. H.**
FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long, with good fishing and free use of boats; interesting hiking thru woodland trails; tennis, hand ball and badminton courts, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, square dancing.
July & August Rates: $55, $60, $65
OLIVE H. G. BARON, *Director*

PLUM POINT
vacation fun 1 year round
on the majestic Hudson
• seasonal sports
• delicious food
• gay informality
55 MILES FROM NYC • NEW WINDSOR, N.Y. • NEWBURGH 870

CAMP ANNISQUAM
Gloucester, Mass.
ABRAM RESNICK
Director

This Adult Camp
in safe little sheltered cove near picturesque Gloucester. Salt water swimming, sailing, boating and fishing on premises. Dancing, tennis, trips and all sports. Six hours by train from New York.
Write for Booklet, Rates

"For a Capitol Vacation"
HOTEL CAPITOL
LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.
Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Spring Water, Tennis & Handball Courts. All Sports. Modern Accommodations. Booklet.
July rates $40 to $48 per week per person
July 4 Weekend: $24 for 3 Full Days

make one uncomfortable to read them." (*Political Affairs*, May, 1947, p. 417.) Perhaps the moment has not yet come for a truly great film on Stalin, one that will convey to us the real love the Soviet people have for him as we see it expressed in the May Day newsreel on the same program, one that will bring us closer to the truth Stalin expresses when he joins in applause directed at him—to say, in effect, "Not I, but we."

BETTY MILLARD.

THEATER

A MYSTERY story, I am told by connoisseurs, stands or falls on its plot. By that criterion *Laura* stands. As dramatized by Vera Caspary and George Sklar from Miss Caspary's novel, its plot is clever and well articulated. Its turns are diverting to follow. Mystery fans will undoubtedly be contented with it, provided the surprises have not been spoiled for them by a preview in the film version.

As one who expects more from the theater, plot alone does not make a satisfying evening for me; *Laura* has little more to offer. The characters are scarcely on the credible side, and to the extent that they are credible they are repugnant. The dialogue is crisp and intelligent but a little too uniformly brilliant in the repartee among the main characters to serve for character differentiation.

The big news is the performance of Otto Kruger. As the aging sensualist who cannot hold the young woman he is infatuated with and who decorates his frustrations with epigrams and avenges them with subtle retaliations, he demonstrated in wonderfully managed interplay the conscious and unconscious mind struggling with an emotion.

Other good performances are turned in by Hugh Marlowe as Detective Macpherson and Grania O'Malley and Kay MacDonald in minor roles. But K. T. Stevens as Laura, despite her blonde hair, fine figure and pretty face, fails to give off the overpowering radiation that is supposed to make her a "collector of men" and an incitement to murder.

The apartment setting by Stewart Chaney deserved the applausive gasp it drew from the audience as the curtain rise first revealed it.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

The New Camp Beacon
BLOOMING GROVE Tel. BEACON 734
SOCIAL STAFF, CASS CARR & BAND — ALL SPORTS — CHILDREN CARED FOR ALL DAY. Summer rate: $45-$48 in Hotel; $40-$43 Bungalows. Week-End Reservations Accepted, $7.50-$8 Day. $10 Deposit.
N. Y. Office: 33 Union Sq. Room 803. GRamercy 5-9243

Camp Unity
Wingdale, New York
Accommodations Available
Week starting
July 13
or July 20
Make your reservations now.
$40 & $43 Weekly. N. Y. Office: 1 Union Sq. AL. 4-8024. 10:30 - 6:15. Sat. to 1 P.M.
CAMP UNITY REUNION DANCE
THANKSGIVING EVE

50 miles from New York
Mamanasco LAKE LODGE
An ideal place to spend a Summer Vacation • Recordings. Fine Library. Open Fireplaces. Congenial Atmosphere, Famous Cuisine. Write or phone, Ridgefield 820.
RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

LES LETTRES FRANCAISES
The Leading French Progressive Weekly
Editor: Claude Morgan
With the active collaboration of: Aragon, Eluard, Cassou Vercors, Chamson, Martin-Chauffier, Benda, etc.
The best French writers, the best illustrators.
NEW MASSES *will be pleased to forward subscriptions without delay.*
One year - - - - 6 dollars
Six months - - - - 3 dollars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE YEAR OF NEW MASSES
Combined with one of these books:

THE GENTLE BUSH
by BARBARA GILES
List price $3.50; Comb. price $8.50

Reduction made from subscription rate (regularly $6 a year), not book list price

	List Price	Combination Price
KINGSBLOOD ROYAL *by Sinclair Lewis*	3.00	8.25
STALIN MUST HAVE PEACE *by Edgar Snow*	2.50	7.75
THE DARK SHIP *by Richard O. Boyer*	2.75	8.00
MAN AGAINST MYTH *by Barrows Dunham*	2.50	7.75
THE MANY AND THE FEW *by Henry Kraus*	2.50	7.75
CRITICS AND CRUSADERS *by Charles A. Madison*	3.50	8.50
SIN AND SCIENCE *by Dyson Carter*	2.50	7.75
HURRY UP PLEASE, IT'S TIME *by Elizabeth Hawes*	2.50	7.75
ALL MY SONS (Play) *by Arthur Miller*	2.00	7.25
MIRROR OF THE PAST *by K. Zilliacus*	3.75	8.75
BETRAYAL IN THE PHILIPPINES *by Hernando Abaya*	3.00	8.25
CLODS OF SOUTHERN EARTH *by Don West*	2.50	7.75

NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street
New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take advantage of your combination offer. Enclosed find $.....

The combination desired is:.....

.....

Please send it to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.... State.....

Add 50¢ or Canadian, $1 for Foreign Postage

The ARTKINO presents VOW
PRODUCED IN U.S.S.R.
THE EPIC FILM STORY OF STALIN AND THE SOVIET PEOPLE FROM 1924 TO THE PRESENT!
NOW Stanley 7th AVE. bet. 42nd & 43rd STS.
4th WEEK
COOL

THERE IS ONLY ONE
RUSSIAN SKAZKA
RESTAURANT
227 WEST 46th ST. • CI 6-7957

JULES ROMAINS SATIRE
ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
"DR. KNOCK"
with LOUIS JOUVET
also Artkino's "Russian Peasants"
IRVING PLACE IRVING PL. at 15th St.

Jewish Life

Vol. I, No. 10 August, 1947

TERROR AGAINST THE FOREIGN BORN IN THE U.S.A.
By Abner Green

Oil Robbery in the Middle East
by Robert W. Dunn

Bulgaria Shielded Its Jews
by Dr. N. Mevorah

Red-Baiting FEPC to Death
by Rev. Charles A. Hill

Outlook for Jewish Culture
by Moses Miller

Life Is Hard in Colonial Palestine
by Leah Nelson

Subscribe Today

JEWISH LIFE,
35 E. 12 St., New York 3, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for one year. Enclosed is check (money order) for full amount of my sub.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
P.O. Zone..... *State*.....

CARNEGIE LIBRARY
JUL 15 1947
OF PITTSBURGH

Science & Society

Established 1936

VOLUME XI, NUMBER 3

SUMMER, 1947

SCIENCE AND ACTION *Paul Langevin*

MARXIAN AND ORTHODOX ECONOMICS *Paul M. Sweezy*

BYRON AND REVOLT IN ENGLAND *David V. Erdman*

NORTHROP'S Meeting of East and West *V. J. McGill*

PHILOSOPHY AND THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY *Lewis S. Feuer*

SOVIET AGRICULTURE: A Discussion
Stephen Wellington, Lem Harris

BOOK REVIEWS

Subscribe Now
QUARTERLY, $1.50 (FOUR ISSUES)

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY
30 East 20th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

English Representatives: COLLET'S Ltd., 9, Southampton Place, London W.C. 1

FOR SINGING TOMORROWS—JOIN
PEOPLES SONGS TODAY

In the Latest Bulletin
THE INVESTIGATOR SONG
by Harold Rome

Plus Outstanding Articles & Songs

Story of the Singers Who Said
MIX ABOLITION & ENTERTAINMENT

Irish Revolutionary
French Partisan
Chinese Folk
} SONGS

PEOPLES SONGS, Inc.
235 E. 11th St., N. Y. C.

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed $2.50 for membership subscription to Peoples Songs.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED